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A FEW WEEKS FROM HOME.

NEW FOREST—ISLE OF WIGHT.

MY journey southwards, as I formerly mentioned, was extended, by means of the railway from London, to Southampton; from which place of rising importance I proceeded for a week's recreation, and for the purpose of making some local inquiries, to the Isle of Wight. Southampton stands on the flat shore of a bay stretching out from the direct channel of the Itchin, and from it steamers regularly ply several times a-day to Cowes and Ryde, the voyage usually occupying about two hours, and at a small charge for passage. Being more animated with the wish of seeing the country than of pushing quickly over the ground, we selected the longest way about, but certainly that which is most romantic and agreeable—through the New Forest to Lymington.

If the reader be inclined for the jaunt, let him then come along with us into the glades of one of England's most ancient woodlands. It was on a delightfully fresh summer morning, that our post-chaise rattled up the main street of Southampton in a northerly direction, and, wheeling to the left, carried us speedily within the verge of the forest. Old-fashioned yellow mud cottages with vines trained up the walls, bushy hedge-rows and copses, small enclosed fields and clumps of oak in the open lawns, were passed in endless variety; and here and there the noise of the carriage sent the little black Hampshire pigs, which browsed on the wayside, off at a scamper to the nearest hut; or, rousing a herd of deer, caused them to bound rapidly away into the recesses of the forest. The scene was in every respect English, and well worthy of loitering over for a few idle hours.

Slowly did our vehicle pursue its way over the yellow-pebbled road, that we might have an opportunity of remarking the various points of interest, until we arrived at Lyndhurst, the capital of the forest, and situated near its centre. Although dignified with the appellation of capital, Lyndhurst is only a village consisting of a few brick houses of a humble but neat order, with an inn of loftier pretensions, containing a jolly large parlour with a jolly large fireplace, and lined with a delightfully antique green-coloured paper, covered all over with hunting-scenes, in which hundreds of jolly squires and yeomen are blowing bugles, leaping fences, and galloping merrily after hounds and stags through the openings of an endless forest. Many a carouse, I make no doubt, on the occasion of the steward's forest courts, has this said parlour with the old green paper-hangings witnessed. Adjacent to this respectable hostel of the olden times, and half shrouded among foliage, stands an aged brick edifice of still loftier distinction, denominated the Queen's House, and forming the lodge of the lord warden. As may be supposed, the lord warden is much too great a man to stay in this out-of-the-way unfashionable mansion, and he accordingly gives it up to his deputy the steward, and the steward resigns it to be shown by a female domestic, to whom a shilling is at all times a most acceptable offering. On being admitted to the interior by this discreet attendant, we were conducted to an old damp apartment on the ground-floor, called the hall, and which, as we were told, had been the court-room of the forest jurisdiction from time immemorial. A few lumbering benches, a bar and judgment-seat at one end, corroborate the statement. Allowing a minute or two to observe these decayed emblems of a state of things fortunately passing away, we are next shown an object which is evidently esteemed the great palladium of the establishment. This is an old rusty stirrup-iron, resembling the semi-

circular handle of a pot, and which is alleged to have belonged to William Rufus—a fact which it would be equally cruel and needless to dispute with its well-meaning and devoutly believing exhibitor.

But we must draw ourselves away from the lodge of the lord warden, or rather of his deputy's deputy, and be on our way westward by Brokenhurst. The chaise, with a pair of fresh horses, is again rolling along the trim pathway across the heathy patches, and amidst scattered groups of oak and birch plantations. Nowhere, it is to be observed, either in this part or farther eastward, do we see any actual forest. The New Forest, which includes nearly 100,000 acres of land, and originated in the reign of William I., about eight hundred years since, is in the present age only a woody piece of country, dotted over with enclosed farms, cottages, and gentlemen's residences, most of which private properties have in process of time been either given away by royal grants, or acquired on the principle that squatters take possession of lands in the backwoods of America. No doubt, this has constituted a serious grievance; but John Bull has suffered so many other losses of much greater consequence, that intrusion on the bounds of the New Forest escaped his attention until a recent period, when a better order of things was instituted. Royal grants of lands are now abolished, and squatting is no longer permitted.

Proceeding through Brokenhurst, a village of Saxon origin, mentioned in that venerable chronicle Doomsday Book, we attain some grand forest views, over a wide range of greenwood, and open groves or glades, varied in many different forms; and immediately afterwards enter a vista, or avenue of several miles in length, perfectly straight, and lined on each side with a row of tall trees. This formal pathway conducts us almost to Lymington, which is the termination of our journey on the mainland. Lymington is a dull country town of no note, situated on the face of an eminence which declines towards a muddy creek, containing sufficient water to float the two or three small trading craft and a steam-boat, that draw up alongside its quay. Looking southwards down the creek, we perceive the Isle of Wight at about two or three miles' distance from its outer extremity. The steam is up. All things are ready, and we are off on our voyage through the winding water of the swamp, and thence across the narrow channel beyond. In forty minutes, we are landed at Yarmouth.

The channel between the mainland of Hampshire and the Isle of Wight, anciently called the Solvent, and now the Solent Sea, varies in breadth from two to five miles, and is understood to have been formed by the breaking of the ocean across a tract of land at the spot. The island thus separated must originally have been of much greater extent than at present, because it is daily diminishing by the action of the sea on its southern and western shores. It now measures twenty-two miles from east to west, and at the middle thirteen from north to south. By the Romans it was called Vecha or Vectis, which has been corrupted in modern times into Wight. On the side next the Solent, the land slopes gradually to the water's edge, and possesses no point of the least interest. The only parts of the island attractive by their picturesque appearance, are the western and southern coasts, for there the encroachments of the ocean have produced a series of chalky precipices, which frequently alter in extent and character, and form a valuable study to the geological tourist.

After a night's residence in the little old-fashioned town of Yarmouth, we proceeded in an open car to explore the western extremity of the island, at the far-famed Alum Bay. A drive of five or six miles,

over a circuitous and gradually ascending road, prettily lined with hedge-rows, brought us to the top of a heathy hill, from which it was found necessary to clamber down to the sea-shore. This point is at length gained, and affords a striking marine view. Before us is the wide placid sea, with the Isle of Portland, on the coast of Dorsetshire, faintly visible in the distance. Near us, but within the line of the water, are several columnar masses of rock, called the Needles, which have been left by the encroachments of the waves on the solid land. The shore is wide, flat, and composed of exquisitely fine sand, of divers colours, stretching to the base of lofty cliffs behind us. These cliffs are generally composed of a softish chalk, enclosing lumps of flint; but in some places the material is varied with stripes of a red and blue colour. In many parts the incumbent mass rests on a stratum of gravel, or other friable sandy matter; and this inferior layer being daily operated upon with more or less violence by the sea, huge cliffs are undermined, and either slide down with a portion of hill behind, in the form of land-slips, or tumble in fragments upon the beach. The white sand of the shore is esteemed of value for the manufacture of glass and earthenware, and forms an important article of export. The more bright and various coloured sands are also removed in smaller quantities to form ornaments for chimney-pieces, by putting them in rhinels in a particularly tasteful style of art, so as to represent fanciful scenes beneath the surface of the glass.

From Alum Bay we retraced our steps for a mile or two eastward, and then struck off towards the southern shore at Fresh-water Gate, a place consisting of only a boarding-house and two or three cottages. A similar scene of white chalky cliffs, worn in some places into yawning caverns, here awaited us; and having noted all that was worth inspection, we drove off to Newport, a distance of ten miles, and situated near the centre of the island, of which it is the metropolis.

Newport, in my opinion, is the prettiest place in the island. It is a neat brick town, with several good streets laid out at right angles to each other, or radiating from the main thoroughfares into pleasant country roads around. The town occupies the flat bosom of a valley, on the banks of a small river called the Medina, which issues into the sea at Cowes, and on nearly all sides is surrounded by low rounded hills, the most attractive of which is one on the west, forming the site of the aged castle of Carisbrooke. It would be unpardonable for any one to be an hour in Newport, without proceeding to view this deeply interesting spot. In our case, the evening was one of the finest that could be selected for such an excursion, and we lost no time in making our way thither. An easy walk of half an hour, along a pleasant road, brings us to the bottom of the hill, and, ascending that green eminence by flights of steps and pathways, we are shortly on a flat esplanade, level with the exterior ramparts of the castle. A few minutes more, with the porter's permission, allow us to enter the huge machicolated gateway, to cross the inner courtyard, and to ascend to the summit of the ponderous Norman keep. What a scene meets our eye! We are from three to four hundred feet above the level of the sweet valley beneath, in which nestle the old village and church of Carisbrooke, with rich environing gardens, and a few gentlemen's villas. Looking a little to the east and northward, we see Newport stretching along the Medina, and retiring amongst lines of leafy trees and thorn hedge-rows in full blossom. Beyond to the northward, our vision is extended over a bushy upland, called the Forest of Parkhurst; and still farther off, in the same direction, we have a glimpse of the

Solent in the vicinity of Cowes. Southward, the scene is limited to the face of the enclosed fields which descend from the higher downs between us and the coast. A more charming, soft, simple prospect, calling up ideas of peaceful quiet, industry, and comfort, can scarcely be pictured in the imagination. The ruins of the old castle, on which we have taken our seat, and lighted up with the mellow tinge of an evening sun, help to awake additional fancies in the mind. We have the wide expanse of the fortification before us, covering at least twenty acres of ground, and plainly showing what an important feudal stronghold the place once had been. The whole is now completely dismantled, and in a state of broken ivy-clad ruin, with the exception of the house and offices, of comparatively modern date, belonging to the keeper, in the inner court. Descending the broken stair of the keep to these offices, we are conducted into one in which is a draw-well of 300 feet in depth. Water is drawn from it by a bucket and windlass, wrought by an unfortunate donkey, who is obliged to enter and turn round a wheel, on the principle of a squirrel in a cage. This poor creature, who, on performing his task, was glad to scramble out, and betake himself to a nibble of the green grass which grows plentifully in the court-yard, was, it seems, preceded in office by an ass who worked the wheel for the space of fifty-two years, and even then died in perfect health and strength, by accidentally falling over the ramparts of the castle. One of its successors was a pensioner of the Duke of Gloucester, uncle of George III., who settled on it an aliment of a penny loaf a-day; a bounty which it gratefully enjoyed for a long period of years. The water of the well, which was brought up for us to taste, is pure, cool, and pleasant, being the produce of springs in the solid rock.

On the northern side of the court, near the keeper's house, are the dilapidated walls of the edifice in which Charles I. was confined, after he had fallen into the hands of his subjects. The window, with its iron bars, through which he on one occasion attempted to escape, is still pointed out: the apartment is entirely gone. A not less interesting spot is the open tilting ground on the east, and exterior to the court-yard. This ancient place of arms is a beautiful lawn, with banks on all sides for spectators, the whole being in as good preservation as when filled with the chivalry and fair daughters of Vectis.

The broad green knoll on which the castle stands, has been the site of a fortification since the period the Romans were in possession of the island, and has been maintained by successive dynasties of Saxons, Normans, and English. In the year 530, the castle was captured by Whitgar, a general under Cerdic, king of the West Saxons, and hence received the name of Whitgarburg, which was afterwards shortened into Garabruk, and that, in its turn, was transformed into the present appellation of Carisbrooke. The village which arose at the base of the mount, was, in these ancient times, the capital of the island, but in the course of events it gradually lost this character, and the rise of Newport, in a more advantageous situation farther down the Medina, finally deprived it of its distinction and importance. Newport, in the present day, as I have said, is a remarkably neat town, with evidently a fair share of trade, and is the place of residence of many respectable families. During our stay, we made excursions to several places in the neighbourhood besides Carisbrooke; among the rest, to the government prison at Parkhurst, to see which had been a principal motive for my visit to this part of England. An account of what fell under my observation here, will form the subject of the next article.

Having thus fairly exhausted Newport and its neighbourhood, we proceeded southwards, on a more lengthened excursion, to follow out the line of coast from Blackgang Chine to Shanklin. This division of the southern shore comprises scenery more interesting than what is seen farther west at Freshwater Gate and Alum Bay. The incessant action of the waves of the British Channel is here producing the usual effects of high bare cliffs and formidable land-slips, down to the verge of the water. For a distance of about five miles, there is a section of the coast, called Undercliff, which presents a very peculiar appearance. The washing away of the substratum on the shore, has caused the face of the hill all along to slide down in disorderly masses to the shore, but preserving a verdant and shrubby surface, and leaving the remaining half of the hill to form a bold, precipitous, and naked background. A road winds along on the top of the fallen land; and here also, in this somewhat perilous situation, are built, in various delightful sunny

nooks and on prominent bushy knolls, ornamental cottages and houses; and in one place, under the shadow of the pendant cliff, there is now building a handsome town of detached villas, called Ventnor. The friable sandstone cliffs near Blackgang abound in marine fossil remains. From a mass of rock which had fallen from the summit, a height of about three hundred feet above the level of the sea, I procured some remarkably fine specimens of fossil shells of different kinds. The millions of years that must have elapsed since the sandstone of the cliff was a soft mass in the bed of the ocean, who can number or imagine!

Pursuing the winding and up-and-down route beneath the crags on our left, with the glittering expanse of the channel on our right, we are at length brought to Shanklin, a modern village a short way removed from the sea, and celebrated for its *chine*. *Chine* is a word often heard in the Isle of Wight, and applies to a ravine of sandy strata of different colours. The *chine* at Shanklin, I understand, was once pretty; now, it is a dell with dirty brown sandy sides, not more interesting than a tolerably deep railway cutting, its variegated colours, if they ever existed, having been obliterated by damp, or a muddy stream conveyed into it from the village.

From Shanklin, a journey of an hour brings us to Ryde, at the eastern extremity of the island. Ryde is a town of beautiful villas, with some business streets, lying on the face of a pleasant woody hill, and commanding a view of Portsmouth on the mainland opposite. The town is provided with a very long wooden jetty or pier across a wide expanse of sandy beach, which is visible at low water; and hence steamboats ply at frequent intervals, in connexion with Portsmouth, Southampton, and various other places.

The Isle of Wight, of which we now had made a pretty comprehensive inspection, both in the interior and coasts, possesses a few interesting points worthy of the visit of tourists, particularly Alum Bay, Undercliff, and Carisbrooke; but, generally speaking, its natural beauties and fertile qualities have been considerably overrated. Most of it is of a commonplace character, consisting of low bare hills or downs, with the inferior slopes disposed as small arable farms; and it possesses little ornamental wood to compose what is called park scenery. The soil is generally a poor yellowish clay, in many places ill-drained, and under a backward state of cultivation. I understand, however, that the more energetic landed gentry and yeomanry are making efforts to improve both the tillage and the live stock of the island. The roads are good, though very narrow and uneven; and being environed by hedge-rows, they form one of the most pleasing traits in the rural scenery. The climate of the island is usually reckoned to be somewhat more mild, pure, and salubrious than that of the mainland of England; except, however, as respects a temperature two or three degrees higher in winter, from the prevalence of marine breezes, I should imagine this distinction to be rather fanciful. The island contains many remarkably pleasant places of private residence for invalids and others, and also a plentiful supply of hotels for transient visitors; but there are several drawbacks on comfort which it may be as well to state. In few places are there any walks on a level surface fit for valetudinarians—scarcely any conveyances are to be obtained but open cars—and the expense of living at boarding-houses or inns is excessively high. A tourist may travel a month in some parts of the Continent for the sum which he will be compelled to dissipate in a week in the Isle of Wight. The same thing almost may be said of travelling in any part of the south of England.

The island is evidently a place of permanent residence for many families in retired life and easy circumstances, the number of this class of its inhabitants having greatly increased within the last twenty or thirty years. The population is now about 40,000, nearly a fourth part of whom belong to Newport, and another fourth to Ryde and Cowes. The latter town, at the mouth of the Medina, directly opposite the estuary of Southampton water, is the principal seaport, and seat of a rather distinguished and numerous yacht club. The island possesses a governor, vice-admiral, and other honorary functionaries; the present vice-admiral is the Earl of Yarborough, whose elegant mansion of Appuldurcombe, which is kindly thrown open on certain days of the week for the inspection of visitors, forms a leading attraction in the southern part of the island.

Attending with some degree of care to its internal arrangements, and being of easily manageable dimensions, the Isle of Wight may be described as in a generally thriving and comfortable condition. You nowhere see any mendicant vagrancy or external marks of destitution. This gratifying state of affairs is promoted by a strict exclusion of all persons likely to be a burden on society. Placards on the walls denounce severe penalties on all "beggars, pretended match-sellers, exhibitors of white mice, or wandering musicians," who are found within the limits of the island, and captains of vessels are warned not to bring them over. But other and more effectual means are adopted for extirpating poverty. The whole island, as respects pauperism, is reckoned as one parish, and is provided with a large workhouse for the reception of all paupers whatsoever, situated a short way from Newport. While furnishing a tranquil shelter to the infirm and helpless poor, this house of industry gives employment at out or in-door labour to all who are able to work,

and choose to remain within the establishment; and to the juvenile poor it affords instruction, and fits them for a useful trade or occupation in the world. Eighty acres of land are attached to the house, and divided into fields and gardens which are cultivated by the inmates. The institution has proved an effective cure of utter destitution and misery.

MACONOCHE ON THE CONVICT SYSTEM IN AUSTRALIA.

CAPTAIN MACONOCHE, a person of enlightened and generous character, well known to men of science in this country, about five years ago accompanied his friend Sir John Ross to Van Diemen's Land, in the capacity of secretary, but was soon obliged, by the individuals who had long held the chief influence in the colony, to retire from a situation in which he could not look with official indifference upon almost every species of selfish injustice. Fortunately, the home government appreciated his value, and three papers drawn up by him, on the convict discipline of the Australian colonies, were laid before Parliament in April 1838. Captain Maconochie has more recently in Van Diemen's Land printed a volume,* in which, besides a summary of those parliamentary papers, he presents a series of short articles on various connected subjects, all of them marked by enlarged and humane views. The object of the whole is to enforce the propriety of substituting for the present harsh and degrading mode of convict management, a system in which, while punishment is duly administered, moral influence shall be called into play for the purpose of producing reformation.

Captain Maconochie's account of the present system, and of the evils flowing from it, is very striking. "Prisoners are, on their first arrival in the penal colonies, assigned to private service at the will of a public board, which endeavours, as it best can, to distribute them fairly and equally among the settlers, according to certain conventional rules laid down for its guidance. In the assigned service thus entered on, no wages are allowed to be given; nor is any other moral impulse employed, excepting the remote hope of indulgence after four, six, or eight years, according to their original sentence. Until these elapse, the labour imposed is strictly coerced, or *slave labour*; and although accompanied with a fixed *minimum* amount of physical maintenance and support, sufficient to place above want, it is yet subject to all the discomfort and moral degradation incident to such a condition. The men are lodged in outhouses, six, eight, or more, under a stable roof; they sleep here on truckle beds, generally without undressing; the floor is earthen, and often very soft; they cook and eat in the same place, or in one not better, immediately adjoining, always in the roughest manner; and they are subject to the most severe regulations, which any master can get enforced, on appeal to a magistrate, by equally severe punishments. This is the usual picture in the country districts; in the towns there is more comfort (sometimes in the case of a good house-servant there is even too much, consistently with a state of punishment), but there is much more temptation. Not being allowed wages, yet desirous of procuring indulgences, the prisoners too often steal to obtain means; and all fly to liquor, whenever they can obtain it, to drown humiliation and care.

At the end of the several allotted periods each man may ask for, and, according to the report made of him, may obtain, or be refused, a ticket of leave; but in this there is necessarily much uncertainty. The record kept of prisoners' conduct only embraces offences, no official notice being taken of good ordinary behaviour, as diligence, sobriety, obedience, honesty, fidelity, zeal, or the like; and thus, as only that appears which has drawn down magisterial censure, a careless fellow, however good his disposition and intentions, especially if he has had an indifferent master, may have a long list against him, while a thorough villain, more happily circumstanced, or perhaps from the very power of deception which his practice in villany gives him, may have few or none. When the ticket is obtained, a particular district is assigned, in which the recipient must reside. Within it he may choose his master and residence, and receive wages; but under a recent statute, he is not allowed to acquire property. He must attend frequent musters, and may not change his residence without informing the police. He must also constantly sleep at home, and return thither before eight o'clock every evening. For very trifling irregularities he is liable to have his ticket suspended, or entirely taken away; in either of which cases he is usually sent to hard labour in a road-party, thus falling back on the worst, and not on the best, form of previous treatment. And, practically, a very large proportion of ticket-of-leave men are thus interrupted, often on very slight occasions, in their labour and pursuits, even in this their comparatively free position.

As the periods of sentence respectively expire, with or without having obtained tickets of leave, and however abandoned in character (if only they escape an extension of time under a colonial sentence), the prisoners become entirely free, and mix as such with the remainder of society; of which wholesystem the minute features and consequences may be thus classed:—

The degree of punishment inflicted by it is in every

* *Australiana. Thoughts on Convict Management and other Subjects connected with the Australian Penal Colonies. By Captain Maconochie, R. N. K. H. London: J. W. Parker. 1839.*

case quite uncertain. A bad master may make it fearful; a good or weak one may greatly mitigate it. Much also depends on the personal character of the criminal himself, as will be presently explained; but, in general, the amount of suffering is much greater than it appears to be, or than it is thought in England, or than is at all proportionate to minor offences.

It is on the persons guilty of these, at the same time, and even on the most innocent of them, that the punishment chiefly falls; for the physical endurance is trifling compared with the degradation, and other moral suffering inflicted; and it is the best men who feel these most acutely. The previous habits of old offenders may in most cases, even before their arrival, have inured them to filth, slovenliness, suspicion, contempt, and the habit of submitting to, and commanding their tempers under, such treatment; while a comparatively good man writhes under every thing approaching to indignity, and is unable to conceal or restrain the feelings excited by it.

The very bad are thus little punished—if, indeed, their situation be not in many cases even improved; while the less bad, up even to the very good (of whom there are some), are punished with extreme severity, and almost universally degraded and demoralised. Every feeling of self-respect is speedily lost amidst the humiliations and inconveniences inflicted; and irritation, recklessness, insubordination, disgraceful punishment, furious resentment, drunkenness, theft, and prostitution, complete the sacrifice of many a human being born to better things, and whom misfortune and imperfect political institutions, more than crime, or original bad dispositions, have thus irrecoverably ruined.

The evil also does not stop here. Social, like mechanical impulses, act reciprocally. The degradation of one class operates injuriously on every other; and it is impossible to view the state of society in the penal colonies, without being made most painfully sensible of this fact.* Our author traces the effect of this slaveholding system in the harsh, overbearing, and quarrelsome character which attaches to the free population of penal Australia; in a depth of suspicion, and a recklessness of assertion "beyond all precedent in civilised life;" in short, "a disunion of society." Under a system so unfortunately arranged, administration becomes extremely difficult, and every successive governor has been charged with heinous errors.

Captain Macconochie proceeds to suggest a new system of management for the convicts in Australia. He proposes that they should be kept entirely under the care of the government, and subjected to a well-regulated system of restraint and of reformation, until they have become fit to re-enter society, when they should come forth as free labourers. Into the details of his plan we cannot here enter; but it is the less necessary, as, since the preceding part of this article was put into types, the subject has come under discussion in parliament, and a prospect has been held out of a complete revolution in convict management being carried into effect by the government. The subject is one invested with great difficulties. It will be scarcely possible so to adjust the meed of punishment, the means of reformation, the desirableness of economy, the demands of one set of the colonies for convict labour, and the fears of another set lest convicts be let loose upon them, as to give entire satisfaction. But it is quite clear that some change in the present system is required; and hence we would hope that the various parties interested in the question will meet it in a spirit of liberality and concession, and not allow small obstacles to stand in the way of a reform so devoutly to be wished.

EXPEDITION TO SIBERIA.*

THE recently published work, of which the full title is noted below, is one of much importance in various respects. No portion of the globe, scarcely excepting even the interior of Africa, is less known to the civilised world than the northern coast of Asia. This region being entirely in the possession of Russia, it was by that power alone that discoveries could properly be prosecuted; and, till of late years, its rulers have not been in a condition to appreciate the full value of such explorations, either to themselves or to mankind at large. The matters brought to light, therefore, by Admiral Wrangell's expedition of 1820-1823, the account of which is now for the first time laid before the world, have all the charm of perfect novelty; and of this, as well as of their generally interesting character, a few extracts will suffice to satisfy the reader.

The north-eastern district of Siberia, visited by Admiral Wrangell and his companions, lies between the river Lena on the west, and Behring's Straits on the east, and extends from about the 126th to the 130th degree of east longitude, and from the 62d to the 73d degree of north latitude. The expedition was a land one, its main object being to settle certain doubts which prevailed as to the existence of a great arctic continent north of the Siberian seas. An extensive tract of the Siberian coast was traversed by the party in the course of their enterprise, in order to enable them to cross the ice northwards, at various points, in sledges; and the result of these journeys was the dis-

covery of a "wide immeasurable ocean," at all the points which they tried. This obstacle of course compelled them to pause, and renounce the object immediately in view. But in their various routes on the land, they saw enough to render their expedition one of profound interest, both to themselves and to others. The little that was formerly known on the subject of Northern Siberia, must have often led reflecting minds to wonder in what manner life could be sustained in regions so cold and dreary. "Here (says Admiral Wrangell) there is nothing to invite. Endless snows and ice-covered rocks bound the horizon. Nature lies shrouded in almost perpetual winter. No one attempts the cultivation of any vegetable, nor could success be expected." This must be understood as referring to the vegetables capable of sustaining man, and which, indeed, do yield his chief sustenance in almost all parts of the world. Happily, however, there are in Siberia grasses and wild fruits, in sufficient abundance to maintain a great variety of the lower animals; and it is here that nature has given compensation to man for the poverty of useful vegetation. "Countless herds of rein-deer, elks, black bears, foxes, sables, and grey squirrels, fill the upland forests; stone foxes and wolves roam over the low grounds. Enormous flights of swans, geese, and ducks, arrive in spring, and seek deserts where they may moult and build their nests in safety. Eagles, owls, and gulls, pursue their prey along the sea-coast; ptarmigan run in troops among the bushes; little snipes are busy along the brooks and in the morasses; the social crows seek the neighbourhood of men's habitations; and, when the sun shines in spring, one may even sometimes hear the cheerful note of the finch, and in autumn, that of the thrush." There is also an abundance of fish in the waters; and it is by means of these varieties of animal life that a comparatively large population are fed and clothed, and enabled to endure the cold and herbless dreariness of a Siberian climate.

As in the case of the Laplanders, the rein-deer furnishes to the nomadic tribes of Siberia the means of supplying all their most pressing wants. "The two most important epochs of the year, are the spring and autumn migrations of the rein-deer. About the end of May they leave the forests, where they had found some degree of shelter from the winter cold, in large herds, and seek the northern plains nearer the sea, partly for the sake of the better pasture afforded by the moss tundras, and partly to fly from the mosquitoes and other insects, which, literally speaking, torment them to death.

In good years, the migrating body of rein-deer consists of many thousands; and, though they are divided into herds of two or three hundred each, yet the herds keep so near together as to form only one immense mass, which is sometimes from fifty to one hundred versts in breadth. As each separate herd approaches the river, the deer draw more closely together, and the largest and strongest takes the lead. He advances, closely followed by a few of the others, with head erect, and apparently intent on examining the locality. When he has satisfied himself, he enters the river, the rest of the herd crowd after him, and in a few minutes the surface is covered with them.

Then the hunters, who had been concealed to leeward, rush in their light canoes from their hiding-places, surround the deer, and delay their passage, whilst two or three chosen men, armed with short spears, dash into the middle of the herd, and dispatch large numbers in an incredibly short time; or at least wound them so, that if they reach the bank, it is only to fall into the hands of the women and children.

The office of the spearman is a very dangerous one. It is no easy thing to keep the light boat afloat among the dense crowd of the swimming deer, which, moreover, make considerable resistance; the males with their horns, teeth, and hind-legs, whilst the females try to overset the boat by getting their fore-feet over the gunnel; if they succeed in this, the hunter is lost, for it is hardly possible that he should extricate himself from the throng; but the skill of these people is so great, that accidents very rarely occur. A good hunter may kill one hundred or more in less than half an hour. When the herd is large, and gets into disorder, it often happens that their antlers become entangled with each other; they are then unable to defend themselves, and the business is much easier. Meanwhile, the rest of the boats pick up the slain, and fasten them together with thongs, and every one is allowed to keep what he lays hold of in this manner. It might seem that in this way nothing would be left to requite the spearman for their skill, and the danger they have encountered; but whilst everything taken in the river is the property of whoever secures it, the wounded animals which roach the bank before they fall, belong to the spearman who wounded them. The skill and experience of those men are such, that in the thickest of the conflict, when every energy is taxed to the uttermost, and their life is every moment at stake, they have sufficient presence of mind to contrive to measure the force of their blows so as to kill the smallest animals outright, but only to wound the larger and finer ones, so that they may be just able to reach the bank. Such proceeding is not sanctioned by the general voice, but it seems, nevertheless, to be almost always practised.

The whole scene is of a most singular and curious character, and quite indescribable. The throng of thousands of swimming rein-deer, the sound produced

by the striking together of their antlers, the swift canoes dashing in amongst them, the terror of the frightened animals, the danger of the huntsmen, the shouts of warning, advice, or applause from their friends, the blood-stained water, and all the accompanying circumstances, form a whole which no one can picture to himself without having witnessed the scene."

Sometimes the rein-deer hunt fails, and then the importance of the animal to the natives is shown by the most deplorable consequences. On one occasion, when Admiral Wrangell was present, the natives, who were waiting in a state of almost utter starvation for the appearance of the herds, "were filled with joy, by immense numbers of rein-deer approaching the right bank of the river opposite to Loban-roje. I never saw such a multitude of these animals. At a distance, their antlers resembled a moving forest. Crowds of people flocked in on every side, and hope beamed on every countenance as they arranged themselves in their light boats to await the passage of the deer. But whether the animals had seen and were terrified at the crowds of people, or whatever the reason may have been, after a short pause, they turned, left the bank, and disappeared among the mountains. The utter despair of the poor starving people was dreadful to witness. It manifested itself among these rude children of nature under various forms. Some wept aloud, and wrung their hands; some threw themselves on the ground, and tore up the snow; others, and amongst them the more aged, stood silent and motionless, gazing with fixed and tearless eyes in the direction where their hopes had vanished. Feeling our utter inability to offer any alleviation to their misery, we hastened to quit this scene of woe."

The inhabitants of Siberia, in fact, enjoy life but by fits and starts. The rein-deer, it has been seen, appear but at certain seasons, and the case is the same with fish. During the intense winter cold, these creatures retire into the deepest parts of the rivers and lakes, and are there unapproachable. When their stores of flesh and fish chance to run short, which often happens before the fitting time, the distress of the people becomes altogether fearful. "One sees them, like wandering phantoms, pale, without strength, scarcely able to walk; they throw themselves greedily on any remains of bones, skin, or sought else which may in any way alleviate the pangs of hunger." The common form in which they usually first obtain relief, is by the arrival of large flights of birds, swans, geese, ducks, and snipes, from the south. Old and young, men and women, all who can use a gun or a bow, hasten to the pursuit, and, for the time, the scarcity ends. When to these frequent sufferings from famine is added an atmospheric temperature, considered mild when only eighteen or twenty degrees below the freezing point, and when it is remembered that innumerable hosts of sharp-stinging mosquitoes fill the air during a great part of the year, it may well be believed that the people of these regions are characterised by continued melancholy, if not by sullen moroseness.

Having usually to shift in the fishing season to the banks of rivers, many of the Siberian tribes occupy two kinds of habitations, their winter and their summer ones. The former are small cottages of boards, in the shape of truncated pyramids, with sunk mud floors, and window-slits fitted with plates of ice in winter, and fish-membranes at other times. The summer dwellings are tents of birch bark, softened and sewed together. An open hearth, with a very rude chimney, keeps these huts well furnished with smoke, which is essential to the expulsion of mosquitoes. Of the fisheries conducted at the summer tents, it is only necessary to remark, that the whole of each little community unites to erect a dam across the river, leaving an opening in the middle in which baskets are placed for the securing of the migrating fish. After the construction of the dam, the fishing is a task so easy, that the men hand it over to the women, and direct their own attention to the chase.

The Siberians of the north-east, called by the tribes names of Tungusi, Jakuti, Lamuti, and others, have, in addition to their tame rein-deer, a small-sized, shaggy breed of horses for work and travel. But, like the Kamtschatkades, the inhabitants of many districts also possess a peculiar and powerful breed of dogs, by means of which a great part of their sledge-journeys is effected. "These dogs," says Admiral Wrangell, "have much resemblance to the wolf. They have long, pointed, projecting noses, sharp and upright ears, and a long bushy tail; some have smooth, and some have curly hair; their colour is various, black, brown, reddish-brown, white, and spotted. They vary also in size; but it is considered that a good sledge dog should not be less than two feet seven and a half inches in height, and three feet three quarters of an inch in length (English measure).

Their barking is like the howling of a wolf. They pass their whole life in the open air; in summer they dig holes in the ground for coolness, or lie in the water to avoid the mosquitoes; in winter they protect themselves by burrowing in the snow, and lie curled up, with their noses covered by their bushy tails. The female puppies are drowned, except enough to preserve the breed, the males alone being used in draught. Those born in winter enter on their training the following autumn, but are not used in long journeys until the third year. The feeding and training is a particular art, and much skill is required in driving and

* Narrative of an Expedition to the Polar Sea in 1820, 1821, 1822, and 1823, by Lieutenant (now Admiral) Wrangell of the Russian Imperial Navy. Edited by Major E. Sabine. London: James Madden and Co. 1840.

guiding them. The best trained dogs are used as leaders; and as the quick and steady going of the team, usually of twelve dogs, and the safety of the traveller, depend on the sagacity and docility of the leader, no pains are spared in their education—so that they may always obey their master's voice, and not be tempted from their course when they come on the scent of game. This last is a point of great difficulty; sometimes the whole team, in such cases, will start off, and no endeavours on the part of the driver can stop them. On such occasions, we have sometimes had to admire the cleverness with which the well-trained leader endeavours to turn the other dogs from their pursuit; if other devices fail, he will suddenly wheel round, and by barking, as if he had come on a new scent, try to induce the other dogs to follow him. In travelling across the wide tundra, in dark nights, or when the vast plain is veiled in impenetrable mist, or in storms or snow-tempests, when the traveller is in danger of missing the sheltering *powarna*, and of perishing in the snow, he will frequently owe his safety to a good leader; if the animal has ever been in this plain, and has stopped with his master at the *powarna*, he will be sure to bring the sledge to the place where the hut lies deeply buried in the snow; when arrived at it, he will suddenly stop, and indicate, significantly, the spot where his master must dig.

Nor are the dogs without their use in summer; they tow the boats up the rivers, and it is curious to observe how instantly they obey their master's voice, either in halting or in changing the bank of the river. On hearing his call, they plunge into the water, draw the towing-line after them, and swim after the boat to the opposite shore; and, on reaching it, replace themselves in order, and wait the command to go on. Sometimes, even those who have no horses will use the dogs in fowling excursions, to draw their light boats from one lake or river to another. In short, the dog is fully as useful and indispensable a domestic animal to the settled inhabitant of this country, as the tame reindeer is to the nomade tribes. They regard it as such. We saw a remarkable instance of this during the terrible sickness, which, in the year 1821, carried off the greater part of these useful animals. An unfortunate Juhakir family had only two dogs left out of twenty, and these were just born, and, indeed, still blind. The mother being dead, the wife of the Juhakir determined on nursing the two puppies with her own child, rather than lose the last remains of their former wealth. She did so, and was rewarded for it, for her two nurselings lived, and became the parents of a new and vigorous race of dogs.

Notwithstanding the length to which these notices and extracts have run, we find that we have yet given but a very imperfect idea of the uncommon and abundant interest of the contents of this volume, which reflects honour on the Russian service. We can but point it out, however, to those who would know more of the subject, and feel assured that the indication will be held as a favour by those who avail themselves of it.

TOPHAM, AND OTHER STRONG MEN.

THOMAS TOPHAM, "the Strong Man," as he was usually called, was born in London about the year 1710. He was bred to the trade of a carpenter, and, although his stature never exceeded five feet ten, soon became remarkable for the extraordinary vigour of his muscular powers. His passion for athletic exercises led to his deserting his regular trade, and adopting that of an innkeeper. At his house of the Red Lion, on the City Road, he gave the first public display of his astonishing powers, by pulling against a horse, with his feet placed on a low wall for support. He next tried his strength against two horses, but received a lasting injury in one of his legs, though to a certain extent successful in the accomplishment of the proposed feat. These exertions were made by way of rivaling those of a German performer who came to this country, and drew against two horses with success. But, as is shown in Sir D. Brewster's *Treatise on Natural Magic*, the German executed the feat not by sheer strength, as in Topham's case, but by a skillfully arranged piece of mechanism, which disseminated the strain through the lower part of the trunk. Other performances of the German, such as his allowing stones to be broken on his body, and the like, were managed in a similar way, by artifice more than strength.

Topham trusted only to his unaided muscular powers, and by their means he effected the following very wonderful tasks. With his fingers, he rolled up a very large and strong pewter dish. Thrusting the bowl of a very thick tobacco-pipe under his garter, his legs being bent, he broke it to pieces with the tendons of his ham. He broke a similar bowl between his first and second finger, by pressing them together sideways. A table, six feet long, with half a hundredweight fastened to the end of it, was lifted by him with his teeth, and held for a considerable time in a horizontal position. He struck an iron poker, a yard long and three inches thick, against his bare left arm, between the elbow and wrist, till the instrument was bent so as nearly to form a right angle. Taking another poker of the same kind, he held the ends of it in his hands, and placing the middle against the back of his neck, made both ends meet before him, after which he pulled it almost straight again. He broke a rope two inches

in circumference, though he was obliged to exert four times the strength requisite for the purpose, in consequence of the awkward way in which he applied his powers to the task. He lifted a stone roller, weighing eight hundred pounds, by means of a chain fastened to it, using his hands only, and standing on a frame above the roller. But, perhaps, of all Topham's feats, the most surprising was his lifting of three hogsheds of water, weighing in all one thousand eight hundred and thirty-six pounds, in the presence of multitudes of spectators assembled to witness the exertion.

The attention which Topham devoted to athletic exhibitions, and the habits to which these exhibitions naturally led, had the effect of withdrawing his mind from serious business, and he became a bankrupt. After this event he travelled over the country, and gave regular displays of his muscular strength in the majority of the provincial towns. The famous William Hutton of Birmingham, when resident in his native Derby, witnessed Topham's feats, and has not disdained to give an admiring record of them in his writings. Hutton's statement is characterised by his wonted clearness and accuracy. "Topham, being obliging enough to allow his person to be examined, was found to be extremely muscular; what were hollows under the arms and hams of others, were filled up with ligaments in him." After mentioning that Topham was above thirty years of age, and had a slight limp in consequence of the fracture of his leg, caused by drawing against the horses, the writer proceeds: "The performances of this wonderful person, in whom was united the strength of twelve men, consisted in rolling up a pewter dish of seven pounds, as a man rolls up a sheet of paper; holding a pewter quart at arms' length, and squeezing the sides together like an egg-shell; lifting two hundredweight with his little finger, and moving it gently over his head. The bodies he touched seemed to have lost their power of gravitation. He also broke a rope, fastened to the floor, that would sustain twenty hundredweight."

Hutton mentions other feats, similar to those previously enumerated here, and continues thus:—"Weakness and feeling seemed fled together. Being a master of music, Topham entertained the company with 'Mad Tom.' I heard him also sing a solo to the organ in St Werburgh's church, then the only one in Derby; but though he might perform with judgment, yet the voice, more terrible than sweet, seemed scarcely human. Though of a pacific temper, and with the appearance of a gentleman, yet he was liable to the insults of the rude. The hostler at the Virgin's Inn, where he resided, having given him some cause of displeasure, Topham took one of the kitchen spits from the mantel-piece, and bent it round the man's neck like a handkerchief; but as he did not choose to tuck the ends in the hostler's bosom, the cumbersome ornament excited the laughter of the company till he condescended to untie the cravat. Had he not abounded in good nature, the men might have been in fear for the safety of their persons, and the women for that of their pewter-shelves, for he could instantly double up both. One blow with his fist would for ever have silenced those heroes of the bear-garden, Johnson and Mendoza." His strength not being particularly apparent at first sight, his ordinary and non-professional displays excited the more astonishment. Two strangers, of powerful make and quarrelsome temper, entered his tavern one day, and, after evincing much insolence, would fight with the quiet and patient landlord. He was at length obliged to seize them respectively by the nape of the neck, when, in spite of the most violent struggles, he coolly noited their heads together, till they asked pardon of all present in abject terms. In like manner, on the occasion of a race-exhibition, being annoyed, along with others, by a carter who would force his waggon into the scene of the sport, Topham took hold of the back of the vehicle, and dragged it back, horse, man, and all, till the way was sufficiently cleared; the carter, in the mean while, striving to push his horse forward, yet not daring to lay a finger on the man who was giving this terrible proof of strength.

Annoyed, like Sampson, by a wife of uncongenial dispositions, Topham fell into distresses, and died in the prime of his age.

Topham appears to have been one of the strongest men of whom we have authentic accounts. Yet very striking things are told of the men of antiquity, of which some must be true. Regarding various individuals who filled the throne of the Cæsars, in particular, wonderful stories are told; and these are the more likely to be correct, as the Roman soldiery put their favourites into the imperial chair chiefly for personal and physical qualities. Maximin, the emperor, was so strong in body, that he drew loaded waggons with ease. He struck out the teeth of a horse with his fist, and by a kick broke its thigh. He crumbled stones between his fingers, and cleft young but stout trees with his hands. Caius Marius, another of those nominated to the empire by the soldiers, is said to have stayed with his fourth finger a cart drawn by horses, and to have drawn it backward in the same way. With single fingers of his two hands, acting against one another, he could break strong cords twisted together. The Emperor Aurelian is stated by a credible author, Flavius Vopiscus, to have been of great stature, and of such marvellous strength, that he slew, in one engagement with the Sarmatians, no less than forty-nine men. Similar feats are told of other members

of the imperial line, and, from the way in which these sovereigns were selected, many of these anecdotes are entitled to belief.

Froissart, a writer of undeniable honesty, speaks of a companion-knight to the Earl of Foix, one Orlando Burg, who, being hurried for fuel one cold day, went down a long flight of steps, and, finding asses loaded with wood in the court, seized the largest of them, burden and all, and never stopped till he had laid ass and all from his shoulders on the fire—a position, however, not long kept by the ass at least, as may be believed. In the French "Bibliothèque des Gens de Cour," we are told of a man named Barsabas, who was a soldier of Louis XIV.'s guards, and who, on one occasion when the king's heavy coach of state stuck so fast in the road that all the oxen and horses that could be yoked to it were unable to pull it out, applied his single strength to it from below, and lifted it out of the place. A man was about to fight with Barsabas, and when the two were holding out their hands, the strong fellow seized the fist of the other, and, by a gentle squeeze, utterly disabled him from using the limb. Barsabas could snap horse-shoes in two as easily as wafers. He went in one day to a village farrier's, and said he wished for horse-shoes. Several were shown to him, and he broke them to pieces one by one with his fingers, saying they were uselessly brittle. The farrier stared, but proposed to make stronger ones. While beginning to the task, Barsabas took up the large anvil, and held it under his cloak. When the anvil was sought for, he set it down, on which the farrier, seeing such miraculous feats, as he thought them, ran off with the exclamation, that the devil in person was in his smithy.

Barsabas, the French work tells, once met his match, however. He went into a rope-shop in Flanders, his native region, and sought to purchase some strong ropes. Several being presented to him, he snapped them like pack-thread, and said "they were very bad." "I will give you better ones," said the woman who was selling the articles, "if you have money to pay for them." Barsabas immediately produced several crown pieces. The woman took them up, and broke two or three of them as easily as Barsabas had snapped the ropes. "Your crowns are as bad as my ropes," said the woman, smiling. The astonished visitor made inquiries, and found a solution of the mystery of the woman's strength, in the fact that she was his own sister! They had not met from infancy, and had both left the place of their nativity.

THE TESTAMENT.

A STORY.

At an early hour of the day, while morning, indeed, was yet struggling with the night for mastery, Horace Morand entered the house of his uncle, and, with the confidence of a privileged relative, proceeded directly to the sleeping apartment of which the old man had been an involuntary tenant for some weeks back. An aged nurse was seated on a sofa in the chamber, half slumbering through long fatigue. The windows were yet closed; but on the table stood a single light, which showed, through the half-open curtains of the bed, the wan figure of the elder Morand, or what had been that person, for the body was now a piece of inanimate matter. The old man had sunk into his last sleep some hours before.

The noise which Horace Morand made on entering aroused the nurse. She rose, and with a melancholy air said, "Good morning, Mr Horace. You come to see your uncle once more. Look at him. He smiles as if he but slumbered pleasantly; but his eyes will re-open no more." "Console yourself, my good Margaret," returned the young man. "You have watched long, and have need of rest; go and take it, and I will remain with my uncle." "But, sir," said the nurse, "I was desired"—"Go for a little while to rest," replied the youth, interrupting her; "go, my good Margaret, fear nothing; I will not quit the room." And, as he spoke, he pushed the attendant, with gentle violence, from the chamber. He then sat down on the sofa, and, glancing for a moment at his deceased relative, he drew the curtains together, as if unwilling to have any witness of his reflections. "At last he is gone," said the young man, "and I am rich!"

This opening reflection was followed after a time by occasional glances at the bed. Finally, Horace Morand rose, and drawing open the curtains to the shortest extent possible, he introduced his hand to the head of the bed, and brought it out again, bearing a bunch of keys. Closing the curtains anew, the young man went hurriedly to an escritoire in the room, and applying a key, as if the objects were things familiar to him, opened the repository in question. There was gold in it; there were family jewels; there were title-deeds, and other such papers. These were not what the seeker wanted; but he ultimately found the article in demand. It was a will. Stirring up the fire, the youth sat down by it with the precious document in his eager hands, and read thus:—

"I nominate and appoint my nephew, Horace Morand, my general legatee."

"Excellent!" cried the heir, with a degree of joy which he thought it unnecessary to conceal: "I, then, am the inheritor, as the law and the rules of society indicate. By my faith, it was fit time!" As he spoke, Horace, who for two years had dreaded that his uncle would forget family ties in the love borne to strangers,

drew one hand across his now cheerful brow, and read on.

"I give and devise twenty thousand francs to Garot and his wife Margaret, who have served me for thirty years with devoted fidelity." "Twenty thousand francs to these people!" was the passing thought of the young heir. "Why," said he, "they are rich enough already with what they have picked up during these same thirty years. Never mind. It is an old man's folly. I will pay this, since I can't help myself." The reading was continued.

"To Pierre, my man-servant, I give ten thousand francs. I leave ten thousand francs, also, to my friend M. Martin, notary; and it is my wish that the sum should be devoted to the dowering of his daughter Eugénie, my godchild."

"Ten thousand francs to Pierre!" thought the young man—"to an old rascal who ought rather to be turned to the door without his wages! Ten thousand francs to M. Martin, an old notary, who has a beautiful villa at Ville d'Aray, and wealth enough of his own! Ah, this is no dower, my worthy uncle, but a remembrance to Madame Martin. Scandal is sometimes right. I won't pay a penny of this. I will see M. Martin, and tell him what a disgrace it would be in him to take money in this shape, and what the world—or at least the scandal-loving part of it—might say of him." The reading was continued.

"I bequeath to Victoire Dubois, daughter of my brave friend, who died for his country, forty thousand francs, and request that M. Martin will do his endeavour to have her well married, and give her the said sum as a dowry." The reader of the will sat silent for a time, with gloomy brow. "To a young workman at Paris," continued the testament, when the reading was resumed, "by name Gustave, whom my nephew Horace knows well, and in whom I am much interested, I give the sum of one hundred thousand francs."

"Give to this stranger lad a hundred thousand francs! Never—he shall never have a fraction of this sum." Horace Morand threw down the will as he spoke, and rose hastily. He took several turns through the apartment, and then, though the morning was a cold one of November, he threw up the window, and gazed abroad. Before him lay an immense park, filled with stately trees, and, beyond them, a wide range of fertile plains, verdant in spite of the season, and spotted with numerous flocks and herds, the best in all Normandy. Through the country rolled the beautiful waters of the Seine. "All this is mine," said the young man; "I am the natural inheritor of it—the only relative of its last possessor. Why should I give away any part of my rights to dower another man's daughter, and pension a young tradesman, for an old man's freak! This will robs me. Without any such document, the law, as it should do, would give me all. No: I will not yield up my family rights in this way." The new heir wrought himself up by these sophistries to a dark frame of mind. He forgot that vast wealth would remain to him after all, and that his own conduct as a nephew had long been scandalously bad, though, during two past years, self-interest had made him seemingly attentive to his uncle, and regardful of his advice. All this the young man forgot, and he showed that he forgot it by an act of a kind scarcely to be characterised in proper language. After moving about for a time in increasing excitement and passion, he suddenly seized the will and threw it into the flames.

He was watching its expiring ashes when a knock came to the hall door. Horace hastened to close the escritoire, and replace the keys, after which he himself went to the door to receive the visitor. This was M. Martin, the notary alluded to in the will, and who, informed by message of the late death, had come to behold his friend Morand once more, and to take counsel relative to the deceased's affairs. The notary was a man almost as old as the defunct, and his manner was peculiarly affecting as he knelt down at his entrance before the bed, and took the hand of M. Morand, kissing it respectfully and tearfully. He then turned to Horace, and, with the ease of a man of business, passed to necessary affairs.

"I am sorry," said he, at the outset, with candid firmness, "to see you alone here, Mr Horace. Such a thing is somewhat contrary to forms, where third parties are interested." "Third parties!" said the other, sharply. "Yes, third parties," replied Martin. "You will find a will, Mr Horace." "Possibly enough," said the young man. "It is certain, sir," answered the notary. "My late friend told me of its existence yesterday, some hours before his death. The document will be discovered in that escritoire (here the notary pointed to it), and it is your duty Mr Horace, as my late friend's instructions make it also mine, to search for this valuable document without delay. It is proper, likewise, that all the servants of the house, who may be interested, should be present at this search." "Certainly; do what you conceive to be necessary," replied the nephew, in an easy, natural manner. And accordingly, all the domestics then present in the house, were assembled to aid in the proposed examination. The search was most minute, but fruitless. At the close, the old notary sent away all the servants, and, on being alone with Horace, said to him, calmly, "It is impossible that a will should not exist. Your uncle some time since assured me that he would make it, and yesterday he told me that he had fulfilled his intent."

"Can you suspect my honesty?" answered Horace. "I know nothing of all this."

"I found you here alone," said the notary, preserving an air of cold firmness; "but I wish to impugn no one's good faith. Listen to me, however. Your youth has been a dissipated one, nay, as your uncle thought, a vicious one. You know that your conduct drove you from your uncle's house. He intended to disinherit you. I interposed, and reminded him that you were the son of an only brother whom he loved, and of a sister-in-law to whom he had promised to watch over your welfare. I succeeded in reconciling you with your uncle. Since that time, now two years ago, you have been well-conducted, or seemingly so. Heaven only knows if your reformation was sincere—your uncle never believed it."

"Did my uncle do me that injustice?" cried Horace.

"He had the belief to which I refer," continued M. Martin; "and it was with difficulty that I extracted from him a promise, some time back, to appoint you his general legatee, a promise which, as I have said, he informed me of his having fulfilled." After a brief pause, the notary proceeded:—"But, supposing that no will were found, you would be heir-at-law, and would come into possession of all, as the nearest relative. What would you then do?" "Do!" exclaimed the youth—"what should I do but enjoy the fortune left to me?" "True," said the notary, "but your uncle often expressed his resolution to provide for certain persons, his domestics, for example, and to leave them with the means of comfortably enjoying life after his own decease." "If he had really had this desire," returned Horace, coldly, "he would have taken the means to assure its fulfilment." "It is necessary, moreover," pursued the notary, without heeding this remark, "that I should disclose a secret to you, Mr Horace. Your uncle had a child, though never married." "You calumniate my uncle, sir," said the nephew; "I do not believe him capable of having so erred." "The case, nevertheless, is as I say," continued M. Martin; "and you yourself know the child, now an apprentice in Paris. An honest, well-behaved boy poor Gustave is; and your uncle not only meant to establish him in life, but also proposed to disinherit yourself, and leave all to this boy, at the time when you incurred his deserved displeasure."

"All this is absurd, sir," said the young heir; "pass on to other matters, if you have more to say, and let us have done with this useless talk."

"The will!—the will! young man," returned the notary; "I know there is a will!"

"Perhaps, sir," said Horace, sneeringly, "you expected some little token to come your own way!"

The aged notary seemed for a moment to have some little difficulty in restraining himself. But he commanded his temper, and proceeded earnestly to address the heir. "You know well, that, for my own part, I have a fortune sufficient for all my wants; but, in pity to these faithful old servants, conduct yourself generously and honourably, young man, and respect also the blood of your uncle. Assign some small portion of this rich heritage to these domestics, and to your uncle's son. Be humane, be just. Do not make me repent of having revived in your uncle's breast the affection of a relative, and having prevented your disinheritance. Let the boy have a slight share of the vast heritage of his father. Gustave, I know, would have compassion on you, had circumstances been reversed. Come, Mr Horace," continued the old notary, with earnest and kind tones, and even with tears in his eyes—"come, let us search again for this will. Perhaps you may help me to find it. Come, Mr Horace!"

The young heir assumed the appearance of a desire to satisfy the notary, notwithstanding the shade of suspicion implied in his words and manner. Again the parties turned to the escritoire, where M. Martin said the document should be; but the search was, of course, fruitless. "You see, sir," said Horace, "that the thing which we seek does not exist. You must have misunderstood my uncle, or else he himself must have been incapable, when he last spoke to you, of just thought or comprehension."

"No, young man, no," replied the notary. "Oh think, reflect! I know youth is rash. Think well, sir. Are you certain there is no will?" "I only yield, M. Martin, to the evidence before me, and so must you," answered the young man coldly; and, as he spoke, he turned away, with the air of one who has already condescended too far, and will continue his forbearance no more.

"Well, well!" said M. Martin, in severe and altered tones, "I must do my duty." He then went to the door, and called on the servants. All of them speedily appeared at his summons; and, while Horace Morand looked on with a cheek now grown pale in spite of himself, through a sense of alarm inspired by the notary's change of manner, the following words fell from the lips of the latter individual. "I have called you all hither to learn that, two years ago, M. Morand deposited a will in my hands. By that will, he disinherited his nephew, M. Horace Morand; and, with the exception of legacies to servants and others, devised his whole fortune to a young man, Gustave —, whom he named general legatee. Authority was formally given to me to produce this will, and see it fulfilled, in the event of no later one being found to exist at the testator's decease. Such being the case, I produce this will as instructed; and my care must now be to see it executed, and to do justice to Gustave and all others concerned."

The whole force of a thunderbolt could not have prostrated a human being so completely as this disclosure did the profligate, who now saw himself stripped of a splendid fortune by his own villainous act. At a period subsequent to these events, M. Martin and the generous boy Gustave bestowed a settlement on Horace Morand, in such a way as to secure to him the necessities of life; but it was only after he had been brought to confess, in abject terms, the story of his guilt, and to describe the whole train of feelings under which he had acted. These the reader has had pictured forth to him here, and in such away, we hope, as to have interested him in some degree, as well as to have impressed him strongly with a sense of the value of the maxim, "Honesty is the best policy."

COAL-MINES—MODE OF WINNING AND WORKING THEM.

THE first step, preparatory to sinking the shaft of a coal-mine, is to ascertain the depth of the bed or stratum of coal from the surface, and its probable thickness; and this is done by means of the process of *boring*, which we shall describe. If, however, there are already pits in the neighbourhood of the place selected for the site of a new colliery, the necessity of boring is prevented; for in that case, sections of the strata that occur between the surface and the coal are generally obtained from the owners of the existing coal-pits.

The process of boring is usually performed in the following manner. The boring rods are made of iron, from three to four feet long, and about one inch and a half square, with a screw at each end, by which they are screwed together, and other rods added as the hole increases in depth. The chisel which perforates the strata is about eighteen inches long, and two and a half broad at the end, which being screwed on at the lower end of the rods, and a piece of timber put through an eye at the upper end, they are prepared for work. The operation is performed by lifting up the boring rod, thus equipped, and letting it fall again, at the same time turning it a little round, by a continuance of which motion, a round hole is made through the hardest strata. The borers can fix on handles for two, three, or four persons, to work as they find it necessary. After they get down to a certain depth, the rods are worked by means of a bracke, and a triangle is erected over the spot where the boring is going on, for the sake of giving increased facilities to the operations. When the chisel becomes blunt, it is taken out, and a scooped instrument called a *wimble* is put on in its stead, with which the dust or pulverised matter worn off the stratum in the last operation is brought up. By the substance brought up by the wimble, the borers know exactly the nature of the stratum they are boring in; and by any alteration in the working of the rods (of which they soon become sensible by handling them), they perceive the least variation of the strata. The principal part of the art of boring depends upon keeping the hole clean, and observing and registering every change and circumstance in the strata with care and attention.

In the year 1805, Mr James Ryan, an Irish gentleman, took out a patent for an improved method of boring. This consisted in using a cylindrical instrument for boring, by which a core, or solid unbroken piece of each stratum, was cut, and by other tools brought vertically to the surface, in the exact position in which it stood in the strata. By this method, it will be seen, the direction of what coal-miners call the *dip** (a circumstance so essential towards determining the best place to sink an engine-shaft for draining the bed of coals intended to be worked), as well as the quantity and precise nature of the strata or coal measures, are correctly ascertained. Mr Ryan likewise invented a new system of ventilating mines, which was originally tried, in the year 1816, in some of the collieries of Staffordshire, for which he obtained from the Society of Arts one hundred guineas; but Mr Ryan's method of ventilation never came into universal use.

It may readily be conceived, from these observations, that boring is of the most essential use and importance in coal-mining, for by it the adventurers, previously to the sinking of a pit, are enabled to procure the most valuable data on which to proceed—being informed beforehand of the nature of the various strata through which they have to pass before reaching the coal, and knowing, to an inch almost, the depth of the stratum of coal from the surface, and likewise its quality and thickness. The boring notes of collieries are consequently of the utmost value and importance to parties interested in coal-mining.

Having ascertained, by means of boring, the probable depth, thickness, and other attendant circumstances of the bed of coal, the next process is to sink a perpendicular shaft (round or square) from the surface, so as to intersect the various strata containing the coal, and as many of the beds as are considered to be worth working. A steam-engine and shaft are usually at the same time erected, for draining the water from the coal. The site of the shaft of a coal-mine is determined by the inclination and direction in which the bed of coal lies.

* The coal-strata are seldom or never found to lie in an exactly parallel position with the surface, but generally have an inclination or descent to some particular part of the horizon, which miners call the *dip*. If this inclination be towards the east, it is called the east dip, and so on, according to the point of the compass to which the strata incline.

"In every mineral plane," says Dr Ure,* "the inclination and direction [of the coal stratum] are to be noted; the former being the angle which it forms with the horizon, the latter, the point of the azimuth or horizon towards which it dips—as west, north-east, south, &c. The direction of the bed is that of an horizontal line drawn in its plane, and which is also denoted by the point of the compass. Since the lines of direction and inclination are at right angles to each other, the first may be always inferred from the second; for when a stratum is said to dip to the east or west, this implies that its direction is north and south."

The process of sinking the shaft and of draining the water is called, in mining language, *winning* the coal; and when the sinkers arrive at the first workable seam of coal, they are said to have won it.

Great rejoicings, such as the firing of cannon, &c., usually take place in the neighbourhood of a colliery when a new stratum of coal has been won; at least such is the custom throughout the coal-field of Northumberland and Durham. The following mode of celebrating an event of this kind at Gosforth colliery, near Newcastle, on the 6th of February 1829, may be cited for its novelty. It is from the pen of a correspondent of the Penny Magazine (July 1838). "On the Saturday previous to the circumstance I am about to relate, the miners employed in sinking a pit at Gosforth reached the coal. Two years and a half had been spent in sinking this pit, the shaft of which was cut through 160 fathoms of solid rock; and therefore the event was considered as one of great importance in the surrounding vicinity. Among other rejoicings which took place on this occasion, was a ball, which was held in the mine, at the depth of about 1100 feet below the surface! The ball-room is stated to have been in the form of an L; its width 15 feet, base 22 feet, and perpendicular 48 feet. The company, to the number of two hundred and thirty, of whom about one hundred were ladies (!) began to assemble at the mouth of the mine at half-past nine o'clock A.M., and continued to descend the pit until one o'clock P.M. Immediately on their arrival at the bottom of the pit, each individual proceeded to the face of the drifts, and hewed a piece of coal, as a remembrance of this perilous expedition, and then returned to take part in the festivities of the ball-room. An excellent band, composed entirely of miners, was in attendance. As soon as a sufficient number of guests were assembled, dancing commenced, and was continued without intermission till about three o'clock P.M., when they began to ascend the pit, which all of them accomplished in perfect safety, highly gratified with the subterranean amusements in which they had partaken. The colliery at which this novel entertainment took place is now one of the most extensive in Northumberland."

We shall now briefly describe the mode employed in working or excavating the coal. On arriving with the shaft at the bed of coal intended to be worked, the sinking is suspended for a time, and the miners begin to work the coal by driving or excavating an horizontal passage, called a *bord*, through the seam of coal, of from twelve to fourteen feet in width generally, and the whole height of the seam, which varies in the Newcastle coal-field from three to six feet. Another similar passage, or *bord*, is usually commenced at the same time, in an opposite direction. The first or original *bords* driven in this way in a seam of coal, are, after the workings have been proceeded with for some considerable distance, called the *mother-gate*, being the passages by which all the workings subsequently made in the mine are approached from the shaft.

The mode most commonly employed for excavating the coal is a simple one. The miners having marked out the width of the *bord*, or passage, begin to make a narrow vertical fissure in each side of the bed of coal, which they accomplish by means of an instrument called a *pick*; this done, they then make a similar excavation at the bottom, which has the effect of undermining the piece of coal, which being thus partially detached, is made to fall down in pieces, by firing a few shots simultaneously at the top of the seam. Masses of coal, of from sixty to eighty tons' weight, may be brought down at once in this way. This operation is repeated from time to time; and the coals, and accompanying stones and rubbish, thus hewn out of the bed, are put into large baskets, called *corres*, and conveyed on small carriages to the foot of the shaft of the mine; and thence drawn to the surface, or in mining language, to *bank*, by means of a steam-engine, or horse-gin, or capstan.

The reader will now imagine the miners to have proceeded some distance with the *bords* or passages above described, and that other *bords* have in the mean time been commenced, and are being driven in a parallel direction, at a distance of about eight yards from the first, and on each side of them. As the *bords* are proceeded with, narrow passages are driven between them, at regular intervals of eight or ten yards, and at right angles with them, so as to connect the main *bords* with each other. These cross passages are called *headways*. The squares or parallelograms of coal, formed by means of this series of *bords* and *headways*, are called *pillars*, and serve to support the superincumbent strata, and to prevent its falling in and suspending the operations, or endangering the lives of the miners. The main shaft is frequently sunk down to other seams of coal, which are worked precisely in the same way as the first one. In this case, besides

the main shaft, those different workings are made to communicate with each other by means of other shafts, called *staples*, which are sunk down at intervals between the seams of coal. Thus the reader will perceive, that in the course of time, the *bords* of the mine, increasing both in number and length, and a communication being kept up from time to time from one *bord* to another, by means of those transverse passages or *headways*, the workings begin very much to assume the appearance of a regularly built city or town—the *bords*, running parallel with each other, at a distance of eight yards asunder, forming so many main streets, and the *headways* the cross streets by which they communicate. The writer of this paper recently saw a beautiful model, exhibiting all the workings and ramifications of a coal-mine, in the museum of the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society.

The persons employed in working a coal-mine encounter a variety of difficulties, dangers, and vicissitudes, which our limits will not permit of our noticing at length at present. The principal evil attending upon coal-mining, that arising from imperfect ventilation, we have already described in a recent number of this Journal.*

PEPITA, THE HEROINE.

[From the New York Mirror, January 25, 1840.]

In the autumn of 1832, the Marquis de Bevenuecho, his daughter Francisca, Don Cesar, his intended son-in-law, Pepita, Francisca's maid, and two male servants, occupied one of those huge coaches drawn by ten mules which are frequently to be met with on the road from Mexico to Vera Cruz. The destination of the party was Paris; the marquis was a widower, and Francisca was his only child. While the lumbering vehicle in which they started on their journey was descending one of the roughest defiles of the Pinol, a violent jerk put its construction to so severe a test as to threaten its entire ruin, unless repairs were immediately made. What was to be done? The coachman informed the travellers that they could reach, at a short distance from the spot, a *posada*, which, though not much frequented, and greatly dilapidated, was still habitable, and a place where they could pass the night. This plan was accordingly adopted, and the party, bemoaning their misfortune, reached the *posada* at the moment of sunset. It was a desolate habitation, surrounded by broken walls, ruined towers, and gloomy pines, which gave it the air of a chateau of romance. The marquis and his family took possession of a large chamber, Pepita rested as well as she could in a closet, and the servants, wrapped up in their cloaks, slept just where sleep happened to overtake them.

The heroine of our tale, Pepita, had some suspicions that all was not right. In passing before a grated window, which opened upon the court, she fancied she had caught a glimpse of two flashing eyes, which instantly disappeared; and this incident was sufficient to excite her apprehensions. She retired, however, into her cell, and placing her mantle under her head for a pillow, was about to close her eyes, when, casting them towards the ceiling of her little dormitory, she remarked a ray of light glimmering through the chinks of the wooden shutter. Using the utmost precaution, she raised herself upon a table, and half withdrawing a curtain which hung before a window, she saw two men sitting near a table, their faces turned from her, and lighted by a lamp which burned in the corner of the apartment. Pepita had enough of Spanish blood in her veins to give her great pretensions amongst her compatriots. She was intelligent, faithful, courageous, and as resolute as the maid of Saragossa.

With a glance she took note of all things in the chamber. It was impossible to mistake the profession of the men, for Pepita saw before them an open chest, which she recognised as belonging to the marquis, and from which the bandits had drawn out the provisions and plate it contained. Both appeared to have done honour to the marquis's wine, and were so much intoxicated that she felt no apprehension of being detected by them. Continuing to observe their movements with anxiety, she arranged the plan of operation which she determined to pursue. For a moment she felt herself chilled by terror, when the words which she heard informed her that the elder of the two was the famous *Capador* himself. She remembered at once that he was generally described as richly clothed, and carrying an axe; and the man before her had an axe resting between his legs, and wore a magnificently embroidered silk dress.

Pepita learned, or rather half guessed, from their broken conversation, that the band of which they were the leaders awaited in the forest for the signal which was to recall them; that this signal was to be given by a hunting-horn which she noticed in the apartment; and that, upon their junction, the travellers were to be attacked. With joy she saw the wine of the marquis was gradually gaining the mastery over them; and, soon after, observing them buried in profound slumber, she quitted her cell, descended into the court, found out the door of the robbers' chamber, and opening it softly, made good her entry with admirable courage and presence of mind. She gained possession of the cloak, hat, and well-known hatchet of the chief,

and also of the hunting-horn, and contrived to effect her retreat without accident. She now fastened the doors of the bandits' apartment with the bolts which are often placed outside of the doors of Mexican houses, then flung over her the cloak of the brigand, placed his hat upon her head, and with the hatchet and hunting-horn in her hands, sallied from the court. The night was utterly dark. She reached the border of the pine-wood, and drawing a few low tones from the horn, was immediately answered by a prolonged whistle. A band of ten men issued from the woods: she retreated before them towards the house, contriving, with much address, to let herself be seen no more distinctly than was necessary to enable the robbers to follow her. When they were sufficiently near, she contrived to exhibit the glare of the axe; and enjoining silence with the motion of her hand, led the band into the court. In obedience to her sign, they entered silently into a large chamber, and closing the door upon them, she drew the bolts so gently that the bandits had no suspicion that they were imprisoned.

Then, without a moment's delay, the intrepid Pepita ran to the apartment of the marquis, and related to him the whole of her proceedings. Guided by the advice of Pepita, the marquis awakened Don Cesar, who, mounted on one of the best mules, set off instantly for Acayete, to procure the assistance of a detachment of cavalry stationed in that village.

The marquis armed the two domestics, and, listening at the door of the apartment where the two chiefs were confined, ascertained that they had awakened, and were endeavouring to effect their escape. The scene now became one of intense anxiety. Shortly, all in the building were roused, and a confusion of voices arose on all sides. Gomez (the chief) and his lieutenant, uttered shouts of rage, and their appeals were answered by their companions as they exerted themselves to break the doors of their prison. The marquis, Pepita, and the servants, shouted likewise in every tone they could assume, threatening with death the first who should offer himself to their aim, and affecting to present a force far beyond their actual number. But we must leave the *posada* and its inhabitants for a moment to follow the track of Don Cesar.

This young man, one of the most brilliant among the cavaliers of Mexico, although skilful in the management of a well-trained steed, was but little accustomed to the government of a mule. He was in despair at the slowness of his progress, and overwhelmed with the most fearful premonitions. What would become of his friends—above all, of his betrothed, the pretty Francisca—if the brigands should escape from their confinement before his return? The day began to break before he could gain the environs of Acayete, but great was his joy when his ears were assailed by the bells of a *conducta*. Don Cesar presented himself immediately before the commanding officer, told his story in a few words, and implored assistance. The officer and his men set off with him towards the hills, with all the rapidity the wild road would permit. Their expedition was not a little increased by the hope of capturing Gomez, on whose head a price was set, and who had hitherto baffled all the schemes laid to surprise him.

During this time, affairs at the *posada* had reached their most critical point. The robbers had succeeded in shattering the door of their prison so far that it was scarcely held by its hinges. Gomez and his lieutenant had taken the same course, and there was every prospect that the brigands would overcome all the obstacles which had opposed their liberation, when Pepita, armed with a pistol, and concealed behind a pillar in the court, took successful aim at the head of a brigand which showed through the opening. This incident daunted the robbers. It was evident that one of their leaders had fallen, from the deep silence that prevailed. Convinced, however, that they had no time to lose, they once more returned to their attack. The door was on the point of yielding to their blows, when Pepita caught the sound of the galloping of horses on the road from Acayete. Deliverance was now sure. The noise of horses and arms resounded soon in front of the *posada*, and before Don Cesar had embraced Francisca, the soldiers had made themselves unresisted masters of the band of robbers.

But it remained to secure Gomez and his lieutenant. From the desperate character of the man, it was not supposed he would allow himself to be taken without resistance. It was proposed by some to force the door and enter in a body, while others desired to try the effect of a parley. This latter advice was followed, it being wished, above all things, to deliver him into the hands of the Mexican authorities.

"Open the door to the lieutenant of the republic," cried the commanding officer; for it was found, on withdrawing the outer bolts, that the door was fastened within.

No answer was given.

At this moment the discharge of a pistol resounded from the interior. It was followed by the faint cry of a woman, which seemed to issue from the apartment where the marquis had passed the night. All hastened in an instant in that direction, and in her closet they found the intrepid Pepita bathed in her own blood. But when they approached her, she had strength to point with her finger to the little window. The officer raised his eyes, and perceived there Gomez and his lieutenant, the former armed with a sword, and the latter reloading his pistol. In an instant he fired on the lieutenant, who fell; and, regaining the

* Dictionary of Manufactures and Mines, vol. i. p. 830.

* Accidents in the Coal-mines of Northumberland and Durham, No. 425.

corridor with his soldiers, the door of the chamber was at once forced. Gomez fought with savage desperation, but was at length secured.

All eyes were now turned towards the intrepid Pepita, and they learned from herself the cause of the event which had nearly proved fatal to her. Luckily her wound was slight, though it had bled profusely; nor was it long before she was able to resume her accustomed duties.

The journey of the marquis was postponed for a time, and the party returned to Mexico. The reward offered for the capture of Gomez was unanimously adjudged to Pepita, who became the object of universal interest. Her intrepidity had so strongly excited the imagination of the young officer commanding the guard, that she became his bride before the end of the year; and the marquis, considering her as the saviour of his family, secured to her a considerable pension during life.

UNINVITED CONTRIBUTIONS.

VERSE.

Our forbidden contributions in verse are still "richer" than those in prose, a fact for which it is not difficult to account. Prose is properly the language of soberness and truth, while verse is the language of folly and extravagance. All the weakest and most absurd minds, therefore, naturally seek for the means of expression in verse. Such, at least, is our theory on the subject. Our verse contributions, however, are of two nearly distinct kinds, the distinction chiefly arising from the accident of the writers being educated or uneducated. In the first case, the authors are persons acquainted with literature: they read poetry in particular, and, from the bent of their own minds, they take peculiar pleasure in the sentimental kind of verse. From admiring to imitating is but a step. With the music of Hemans breathing in their minds, and a great number of her words in their memory, they write; but what is it they write? Only something which resembles Hemans in sound, or in the use of certain words, and has not perhaps one distinct or fully formed original idea from first to last. This is the first kind. The second is the production of nearly unlettered minds—the blind blundering efforts of intellects which only know there is such a thing as literature, and do not possess one natural or acquired qualification for the practice of the art.

The following specimen seems to us a peculiarly suitable illustration of what we have said of the first order of our forbidden verse contributions:—

ON SEEING AN EXTRACT OF MRS HEMANS'S POEMS IN A RECENT NUMBER OF THE JOURNAL.

When female virtue catch celestial fire,
How passing sweet the harmonious numbers roll!
When grace and beauty touch the chorded lyre,
How sweet its breakings vibrate on the soul!

When all the passions in immortal tone
Display the graces that the muse inspires;
Calls up the sacred songs of ages gone,
And wakes the raptures of prophetic fires;

All heaven rejoices when such ardours rise
From modest worth. I see th' assembly throng
In shining crowds, down bending from the skies,
And, listening, catch now matter for their song.

Thou art a stranger to these youthful lays,
Myself a lonely stranger here below;
Thou needst not mine—thou hast far higher praise,
Than ought can yield thee in a world of woe.

I soon shall pass the trifling scenes of time,
Released from anxious cares, from grief and pain;
But when I soar to those blest heights sublime,
I'll frame a chorus to thy noble strain.

A few others of the same order are subjoined. The first in order is very original in point of grammar. We could point out the particular poem of Moore's, after reading which the second has been written.

THE PETREL.

The lightnings flash, the thunders roar,
The petrel on the topsail soar;
The storm set in, the thunder rent,
When soars from heaven the mariner's friend.

Then to their cars the gallant few,
Whene'er the petrel comes in view;
Unwreath the topsails, now they cry,
For Carcy chickens on us lie.

She comes with all her twittering train,
Sweet petrel of the bolstorous main;
She leaves her dwelling from afar,
To dwell upon the marine car.

Then, lo! a horrid crash they hear,
The ship's gun down, the petrel's fear;
She hies her flight from pole to pole,
And cheers the mariner's drooping soul.

TO THE QUEEN.

Hail to Victoria! oh, long may that name
Triumphantly sound o'er the lion-ruled main;
May it prophetic-like tell of a bright golden dream,
That shall beam o'er our island now thou'rt her queen.

Hail to Victoria! oh, may that name speak
Of deeds that shall add to our glory and might;
Be it tyranny's base—the hope of the weak—
And millions shall bless it as Liberty's light.

"Then, hail to Victoria! of Albion the boast!"
Shouts a proud happy people's loud voice;
'Tis the song of the waters that bosom our coast;
With its echoes our green hills rejoice.

In the example which follows, juvenility is added to the other disqualifications of the author. So much tolerably measured verse, with such disjointed and crude ideas, is really a curiosity:—

FAREWELL TO HOME.

Bright scenes of youth, the seat of pleasure,
And all that's lovely, from you rent;
Oh! cruel fate, is there no measure,
To quench thy thirst, thy way relent?

Unfetter'd on my natal mountains,
Where undisputed freedoms reign,
Me captive bind from blissful fountains,
To link me to thy galling chain.

Adieu! my friends and bold companions;
My summer's past, my winter's come;
I now brave the bleak encounters,
And city life—more awful doom!

Adieu! ye woods and hills majestic;
In vain to me thy health doth smile;
My flights now curb'd—now more domestic;
No more my heart thy breezes fill.

Adieu! ye dells and murmuring streams,
And dash of cataract's awful roar;
I hear thy sound in joyful dreams,
But wake to feel my thraldom more.

Sweet spot of earth by nature gifted,
I ever will thy charms extol;
My thoughts can ne'er be from thee shifted,
Though the sea between us roll.

Adieu, wild sports! adieu, for ever!
My soul is ravish'd no more by thee!
If to wing my course the earth all over,
No spot I would find so dear to me.

We now come to the division in which the authors are evidently altogether unlettered. The first specimen comes from London.

THE LIBERAL MIND.

The structure that these thoughts do hold,
Is fraught inside, outlined with gold;
A blooming rose it is, indeed;
A twining bower in its evening shade.

A rose, in morning, that so sweetly spread
The hills, the vales, and every mead,
With scented odours fragrance fly,
The groves, the plains, and every way.

A lily in the stream that glade
Beneath her pallid smiling shade;
A bed of daisies in the evening dew,
The valleys' pride and meadows' boasting hue.

A blooming grave that docks the verdant plain,
Majestic spreads above the winding stream,
Diffusing wings the soft and soothing smell
Around the bounding hills to raise the rolling swell.

Soft as the down on snowy thistle seen,
A mountain spreading forth in green;
Above, the rich abounding hills,
Clothed with Aurora's shining smiles.

The above may be called *language in a metrical form, without one distinct idea throughout*. To many clever persons, the composition of such a piece would be one of the most difficult of tasks. The next following specimen also comes from London, and seems to have been written soon after the author had perused an article on songs in the present work. The whole communication is, in this case, given.

"FOR CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL."

How oft the spark of youthful genius,
Has been damped out for want of kindling tiffage,
Which might have shone, like the star of Venus,
O'er deserts wild and each rustic village.

SIR—Having recently seen in your useful and most instructing Journal a Chapter to Song Writers, over which I read with great satisfaction, and I trust with an equal interest; for as you have so clearly described the beautiful specimen of Burns's simplicity, and likewise the great attempt of the living bard, Wordsworth's 'Fair Ellen Irvine,' &c. When I compared them together, I at once saw the object of your intention. This alone, I must confess, has induced me again, as you particularly recommend, to try my hand. Although I have on previous occasions wrote a variety of poems, and several songs, but hitherto have always considered them as being too simple, or rather nonsensical, to venture them on the wayside of the literary world, and as not worthy of public attention. But as you have strengthened my confidence with the encouraging remarks I met with in your Chapter to Song Writers, I have sent you, of my composition, a specimen, entitled 'Poor Fanny's Gown,' which I composed on the following day after I saw the above chapter, and if you should think it worthy of your perusal, please to give your impartial opinion for or against; and if the whole as a song should merit your censure, I shall not feel at all disappointed, but rather pleased, to learn the faults in which your superior criticism may be able to point out, in order to avoid, if possible, the same errors in future. Yours, &c.

POOR FANNY'S GOWN.

When Fanny had her linen wash'd,
And took 'em out to dry,
She spread 'em o'er each thorny bush,
Which round the meadow grew.
And early as the morning dawn,
With lightsome heart and humming glee:
She little thought a change so soon
Would bring such misery.

Bold rascal came, for life he speed,
Pursued by huntsman, horse, and hound;
And on they tripp'd, with careless heed,
O'er shining shirts and Fanny's gown.
Then out she ran, in sorrow cried,
Your sport to me gives pain;
For some was soil'd, and sadly torn—
Poor Fanny's Sunday gown!"

The next which follows was sent in 1835. The contributor adds in a postscript, "I am afraid it is too late for this week."

THE PARTING.

As I went out to take the air,
Upon an autumn morn,
I fell upon a lovely pair,
And sadly they did mourn.

The one, a lovely maid, I knew
Was weeping sore with grief,
Because her love would go, and then
Where could she find relief?

The other, a handsome, stout young man,
Was bowed down with pain,
Because he thought his lovely Ann
He'd never see again.

Oh! George, she said, oh! say that you
Will very soon return;
Because my thoughts will wandering look
For you at every turn.

Oh! Ann, he said, my heart is sore,
To leave you thus alone;
But, then, my love, when far away,
I'll think of thee alone.

Then, give me one dear parting kiss,
For time calls me away;
Oh! time that runs and no man stops,
Tells me I must not stay.

Another, by a different hand, is on a similar subject.

THE SAILOR'S PARTING.

AIR.—"Oh! no, we never mention her."
And must I leave my native home,
For ever must I leave?
And must I o'er those wild seas roam,
For ever must I leave?

The raging tempests welcome me,
But how can I be glad,
For though I love the open sea,
Yet still would I be sad.

Still thoughts would usher in my mind,
When just as I'd depart,
That makes me think of one more kind,
The dearest of my heart.

Then can I leave without a tear?
Oh, no! it cannot be;
Such faithful love, so doubly dear,
My eyes can never see.

My joys would fade like falling leaf,
Were I away from her;
Oh! how I'd melt away in grief,
My dreams must be of her.

How can I think that time is come,
The parting hour for me;
To every thing on earth I'm dumb,
But kindest, dearest theme.

Now, must my parting accents swell,
My heart remains with you;
Then, angel, here's my last farewell,
Adieu! adieu! adieu!

We were requested, four years ago, to insert the following in our "earliest paper." To think of any rational creature supposing such verses to be literary composition, affords a curious idea of what the human mind is capable of in this particular direction of absurdity:—

THE FAREWELL.

Farewell, said Eppy, guide and frien',
That ever wish'd me weel;
Fair is my heart w' thee to part—
Auld Eppy, fare-ye-weel.

I'll ne'er forget thee mony a day,
That we bath'd in the fief,
Bun' up the new cut sheaves o' wheat—
Auld Eppy, fare-ye-weel.

An' o'er our heads the lavrock sang,
Tha' bonnily the while,
But noo, w' tremblin' notes it sings—
Auld Eppy, fare-ye-weel.

When in our haun's we grupp'd the jug
O' whey, an' cake o' meal,
We saw the wheat drop 'neath the scythe—
Auld Eppy, fare-ye-weel.

But, Eppy, we oursel's are wheat,
The worl's the fruitfu' fief,
An' we'll drop 'neath the scythe o' death—
Auld Eppy, fare-ye-weel.

An' sin' ye're gane to leave me noo,
Nae mair to roam the fief,
Fair is my heart, my guide and frien'—
Auld Eppy, fare-ye-weel.

FLY-FISHING.

The great secret in fly-fishing, after a person has acquired the art of throwing a long and a light line, is perseverance—that is, constant and continuous exertion. Fish are whimsical creatures, even when the angler, with all appliances and means to boot, is placed apparently under the most favourable circumstances. Let him, however, commence his operations with flies, which, upon general principles, he knows to be good—for example, a water-mouse body and dark wing, hare-ear and moorowl wing, red hackle and teal or mallard wing. It may frequently happen that for an hour, or even two hours, he will kill nothing; but, then, it will as often happen, that for another couple of hours he will pull them ashore with a most pleasing celerity.

Awake but one, and, lo, what myriads rise!

Next comes a pause of another hour or more, during which little or nothing is obtained, so that if the intermediate period is frittered away on green banks, eating biscuits, success is doubtful or impossible. We believe that the appetites and motions of the finny tribes are regulated and directed by certain (to us) almost imperceptible changes in the state of the atmosphere, with which, as they do not proceed from any determinate or ascertained principles of meteorological science, it is not easy for the angler to become acquainted; and, therefore, the only method to remedy the *désagrément* thus arising, is to fish without ceasing so long as he remains by the "pure element of waters."—*The Rod and the Gun*.

Column for Married People.

We find the following benevolent and pithy advices in reference to the mutual conduct of persons in married life, in a work little known in this country, called "The Philosophy of Common Sense, by Mr Carey" (Philadelphia, 1838), and take the liberty of giving them circulation in our paper.

TO HUSBANDS.

I. Always regard your wife as your equal; treat her with kindness, respect, and attention; and never address her with the appearance of an air of authority, as if she were, as some misguided husbands appear to regard their wives, a mere housekeeper.

II. Never interfere in her domestic concerns, hiring servants, &c.

III. Always keep her properly supplied with money for furnishing your table in a style proportioned to your means, and for the purchase of dress, and whatever other articles she may require, suitable to her station in life.

IV. Cheerfully and promptly comply with all her reasonable requests.

V. Never be so unjust as to lose your temper toward her, in consequence of indifferent cookery, or irregularity in the hours of meals, or any other mismanagement of her servants; knowing the difficulty of making many of them do their duty.

VI. If she have prudence and good sense, consult her in all great operations involving the risk of very serious injury, in case of failure. Many a man has been rescued from ruin by the wise counsels of his wife; and many a foolish husband has most seriously injured himself and family by the rejection of the advice of his wife, stupidly fearing, if he followed it, he would be regarded as hen-pecked! A husband can never consult a counsellor more deeply interested in his welfare than his wife.

VII. If distressed or embarrassed in your circumstances, communicate your situation to her with candour, that she may bear your difficulties in mind in her expenditures. Women sometimes, believing their husbands' circumstances better than they really are, disburse money which cannot be well afforded, and which, if they knew the real situation of their husbands' affairs, they would shrink from expending.

VIII. Never on any account chide or rebuke your wife in company, should she make any mistake in history, geography, grammar, or, indeed, on any other subject. There are, I am persuaded, many wives of such keen feelings and high spirits (and such wives deserve to be treated with the utmost delicacy), that they would rather receive a severe and bitter scolding in private, than a rebuke in company, calculated to display ignorance or folly, or to impair them in their own opinion, or in that of others.

'Be to her faults a little blind;
Be to her virtues very kind;
Let all her ways be unconfined,
And place your padlock on her mind.'

TO WIVES.

I. Always receive your husband with smiles—leaving nothing undone to render home agreeable—and gratefully reciprocating his kindness and attention.

II. Study to gratify his inclinations, in regard to food and cookery; in the management of the family; in your dress, manners, and deportment.

III. Never attempt to rule, or appear to rule, your husband. Such conduct degrades husbands—and wives always partake largely in the degradation of their husbands.

IV. In every thing reasonable comply with his wishes with cheerfulness—and even, as far as possible, anticipate them.

V. Avoid all altercations or arguments leading to ill humour—and more especially before company. Few things are more disgusting than the altercations of the married, when in the company of friends or strangers.

VI. Never attempt to interfere in his business, unless he ask your advice or counsel; and never attempt to control him in the management of it.

VII. Never confide to gossips any of the failings or imperfections of your husband, nor any of those little differences that occasionally arise in the married state. If you do, you may rest assured that, however strong the injunctions of secrecy on the one hand, or the pledge on the other, they will in a day or two become the common talk of the neighbourhood.

VIII. Try to cultivate your mind, so as, should your husband be intelligent and well-informed, you may join in rational conversation with him and his friends.

IX. Think nothing a trifle that may produce even a momentary breach of harmony, or the slightest uneasy sensation:

Think nought a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Else you may die ere you have learn'd to live.—YOUNG.

X. If your husband be in business, always, in your expenditures, bear in mind the trying vicissitudes to which trade and commerce are subject; and do not expose yourself to the reproach, should he experience one of them, of having unnecessarily expended money of which you and your offspring may afterwards be in want.

XI. While you carefully shun, in providing for your family, the Scylla of meanness and parsimony, avoid equally the Charybdis of extravagance.

XII. If you be disposed to economise, I beseech you not to extend your economy to the wages you pay to seamstresses or washerwomen, who, particularly the latter, are too frequently ground to the earth by the inadequacy of the wages they receive. Economise, if you will, in shawls, bonnets, and handkerchiefs; but never, by exacting labour from the poor without adequate compensation, incur the dire anathemas pronounced in the Scriptures against the oppressors of the poor.

Ye fair married dames, who so often deplore
That a lover once blest is a lover no more,
Attend to my counsel—nor blush to be taught,
That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,
Your roses and lillies may make the men sigh;
But roses, and lillies, and sighs, pass away;
And passion will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your far'r'r guitar;
Though there's music in both, they're both apt to jar.
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch!
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much!

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand;
Grow tame at your kindness, and come at command.
Exert with your husbands the same happy skill,
For hearts, like your birds, may be tamed at your will.

Be gay and good-humour'd, complying, and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind:
'Tis thus that a wife may her conquest improve,
And Hymen will rivet the fetters of Love.—GARRICK.

TO BOTH PARTIES.

I. Should differences arise between husband and wife, the contest ought not to be, as it unfortunately too frequently is, who shall display the most spirit, but who shall make the first advances, which ought to be met more than half way. There is scarcely a more prolific source of unhappiness in the married state, than this spirit, the legitimate offspring of odious pride and destitution of feeling.

II. Perhaps the whole art of happiness in the married state might be compressed into two maxims—'Bear, and forbear;' and 'Let the husband treat his wife, and the wife her husband, with as much respect and attention as he would a strange lady, and she a strange gentleman.'

III. I trust much caution is scarcely necessary against flirtations, well calculated to excite uneasiness, doubts, and suspicions, in the heart of the husband or wife of the party who indulges in them, and to give occasion to the censorious to make sinister observations; and it is unfortunately too true, that the suspicion of misconduct often produces fully as much scandal and evil as the reality.

It is a good rule of reason and common sense, that we should not only be, but appear to be, scrupulously correct in our conduct. And be it observed, that, however pure and innocent the purposes of the parties may be at the commencement, flirtation too often leads to disastrous results. It breaks down some of the guards that hedge round innocence. The parties in these cases are not inaptly compared to the moth fluttering around a lighted candle, unaware of the impending danger. It finally burns its wings, and is thus mutilated for life. 'He that loveth the danger, shall perish therein.' 'Lead us not into temptation' is a wise prayer; and while we pray not to be 'led into temptation,' we most assuredly ought not to lead ourselves into it. I know these remarks will be charged to the account of prudery; but, at the risk of that charge, I cannot withhold them.

IV. Avoid all reference to past differences of opinion, or subjects of altercation, that have at a former day excited uneasiness. Remember the old story of the blackbird and the thrush. 'I insist it was a blackbird.' 'But I insist it was a thrush,' &c.

The preceding rules, if as closely followed as human imperfection will allow, can hardly fail to secure happiness. And should only one out of every ten readers profit by them, I shall be richly paid for their concoction.

I cannot conclude this brief essay better than by adding the following admirable advices of Julia de Rouigné to her daughter, shortly previous to her death:—

'Sweetness of temper, affection to a husband, and attention to his interests, constitute the duties of a wife, and form the basis of matrimonial felicity. These are, indeed, the texts from which every rule for attaining this felicity is drawn. The charms of beauty, and the brilliancy of wit, though they may captivate in the mistress, will not long delight in the wife. They will shorten even their own transitory reign, if, as I have seen in many wives, they shine more for the attraction of every body else than of their husbands. Let the pleasing of that one person be a thought never absent from your conduct. If he love you as you would wish he should, he would bleed at heart should he suppose it for a moment withdrawn; if he do not, his pride will supply the place of love, and his resentment that of suffering.

Never consider a trifle what may tend to please him. The greater articles of duty he will set down as his due; but the lesser attentions he will mark as favours; and, trust me, for I have experienced it, there is no feeling more delightful to one's self, than that of turning these little things to so precious a use.

Above all, let a wife beware of communicating to others any want of duty or tenderness she may think she has perceived in her husband. This untwists at once those delicate cords which preserve the unity of the marriage engagement. Its sacredness is broken for ever, if third parties are made witnesses of its failings or umpires of its disputes.'

LEECHES.

We are at a loss to know why leeches are not made an object of cultivation and improvement in this country. There are surely many bogs, marshes, or ponds in England, Ireland, and Scotland, where they would thrive and be productive. In France, as we observe by the following newspaper paragraph, the cultivation of leeches is beginning to attract attention:—

'M. Huzard has presented to the Société d'Encouragement a proposition for granting prizes for the best methods of preserving and increasing the number of leeches in France. He states that about twenty-three millions of these useful creatures are annually consumed in France, but their price is raised to an enormous rate on account of the difficulty of keeping them alive. The objects of the proposed prizes are—The stocking of such pieces of water and streams as are fit for the propagation of leeches, but at present have none in them; for the best means of making them disgorge after an operation, without injuring them or diminishing their powers; and introducing a new and effective species hitherto unknown in France.'

THE BLOODHOUND IN FLORIDA.

THE people of the United States, as some of our readers may be aware, have for some time been in a state of active warfare with the aboriginal inhabitants, or Indian tribes, of Florida, a large district of country on the Gulf of Mexico. The object of the civilised whites, as a matter of course, is the expulsion or extinction of the red men, and the seizure of their territory; and to accomplish which, they have at length fallen upon the expedient of hunting down and worrying the poor natives with dogs. The animals employed in this most atrocious office are dogs from Cuba, descendants of the bloodhounds introduced to that island by the Spaniards some centuries ago for a similar purpose, and are alluded to as follows, by an anonymous correspondent in a newspaper a few months since:—

'At a period not very remote, the unfortunate negroes in the Spanish settlements were frequently torn to pieces by the Cuba bloodhounds. In fact, under the title of Chasseurs, the Spaniards maintained regular regiments of these dogs and their attendants. In pursuing or hunting the runaway negroes, the chasseur is generally accompanied by two dogs, and armed with a *couteau de chasse*, or straight sword; and we are informed that these bloodhounds, when well and properly trained, on coming up with the object of pursuit, will not kill him unless resistance is offered, but bark at and terrify him till he stops, when they crouch near him, and, by barking, give their keepers notice, who approach accordingly and secure their prisoner.

Dallas, in his account of the Maroon War in Jamaica, mentions an importation of these Cuba bloodhounds, in order to assist the regular troops in reducing the refractory Maroons. It may seem strange that dogs were called to the assistance of well-disciplined soldiers; but, in order to elucidate the subject, it must be observed, that the armed Maroons, under the conduct of various cunning leaders, particularly of Cudjoe, Smith, and Johnson, aware of their own inferiority in point of that organisation which constitutes the strength and essence of a regular army, cautiously avoided meeting their opponents on the plain; on the contrary, they retired to the impenetrable fastnesses of the woods and mountains, and by means of ambuscades, contrived so to harass the troops, that the governor of Jamaica ultimately procured a company of these dogs and their attendants from Cuba, which arrived at Jamaica under the command of Don Manuel de Sejas; and a tolerable idea of these dogs may be formed from a review which took place immediately after their arrival. General Walpole, who conducted the war against the Maroons, being anxious to review these chasseurs, left headquarters the morning after they landed, accompanied by Colonel Skinner, and arrived in a post chaise at Seven Rivers. Notice of the general's approach having been given, the chasseurs were taken to a distance from the house, in order to advance when he arrived. The Spaniards were drawn up in a line at the end of a gentle declivity, and consisted of upwards of forty men, with their dogs in front unmuzzled, and held by cotton ropes, as it was intended to ascertain what effect would be produced on the dogs if actually engaged under a fire of the Maroons. The Spaniards, upon the word being given, fired their fuses, when the dogs pressed forward with almost ungovernable fury, amidst the shouts of their keepers, whom they dragged along with irresistible impetuosity. Some of these ferocious animals, maddened by the shout of attack, and held in check by the ropes, actually seized upon the gun-stocks in the hands of the chasseurs, and tore pieces out of them.

The unfortunate Maroons, who had successfully opposed all the efforts of regular troops, were panic-struck on the arrival of the bloodhounds, and surrendered without once daring to come in contact with animals which at best could oppose but a feeble resistance to fire-arms.'

Such, then, is the kind of ferocious animals employed by the Americans to destroy the red men of Florida, and, as it appears, with all the advantages which they anticipate. In one account which we have seen of the war, the following notice occurs:—"The Cuba dogs have proved quite beneficial. They caught five Indians the other day in Middle Florida, handsomely they say." Could any thing be more offensive, or more worthy of exciting the deepest reprobation?

GEOGRAPHICAL PRIMER.

The want of a simple and general treatise on Geography, at such a price as would bring it within the reach of children belonging to the humbler orders of society, having been repeatedly brought under the attention of Messrs Chambers, they now beg to intimate that they have prepared and issued a work of this nature, with the title of "A GEOGRAPHICAL PRIMER," being part of their "EDUCATIONAL COURSE," and which may be obtained from any bookseller. In making this announcement, it is necessary to explain, that the Geographical Primer will not obviate the necessity for more extended treatises, and these will shortly appear in the same series of publications. The Primer is designed for the use of those who, from circumstances, may be able to devote only a small portion of time to the study of Geography—children, for example, who have to commence labour early, and are prevented from studying more extensive works on the subject. By the aid of the small maps which the Primer contains, children may with much ease be taught the elements of geographical knowledge, and the price of the work (8d.) will, it is hoped, place it within the reach of all.

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